THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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VOLUME XXII. PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 15, 1842. WHOLE NO. 1068.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

"There is no mother and a better World."

BY J. ROCKETON, JUN.

Ah! sunny hours of anguish years,
And ranks the soul o'erwhelmed it seems
As was the sun itself clouds and gloom.
Brooking a dark to morrow
The heart is stricken and cast in strange
Deep horrors thoughts of wildly rushing
Remains grief the keenest wrings
And sin—which hurts you for gushing!
Dread human ills and doubts and cares
Themselves in ghastly colors trooping,
Beset the heart with fearful snares!
In keightest superstitious dogma
Despair strives her mildest to throw
Deep, deep is thus the victim's lacuna,
No nether truth, nor shadow hope!
Hope's tender holdings are thy blossom
Beauty is ever sweetest her power,
Fair Hope! and indeed throughout
They cannot chaces the wearty hour.
Nor we answer the heart with pleasant
Music, her notes upon the breeze;
In vain sunlit fresh with rapturous swelling
The sweets of flowers, we to pleasure
And dare seldom an lonely dwelling.
Deliverance ranger, whom 10 ills has Sor'd
Thou shalt, and found our smile from slumbers
There, spread, to another world.
They rose through Hope, whose mercy
A better world—the spirit's bonds
Are loosed, and all is more and
Its measure there. —not made with hands,
Bright and eternal—it is God.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

I See Thee Still!

BY J. TOWLES, ESQ.
AUTHOR OF "THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD."

I see thee still! —I see thee still!
As I could see thee at will,
When all the bodies would studly thrill
The secret heartstrings within my breast
I see thee—but I see thee not.
As I could see thee in the pride
Ere falsehood poisoned every thought,
And made thee late a perjured bride!
I see thee—I see thee not.
That all my wrongs can be forgiven!
Forget thee!—never!—a hell of sin
Enjoying mystery think of heaven!
But but like thee—I perish and die!
Brings all the anger to my eye—
There is a flame of the field reflect
Mine is a woe that cannot die!
Deep as the anguish of the soul
When the dark waters o'er it turn
By all its hopes and joys controlled
Deep as the anguish of the soul
Thou on the heart I'll think of thee!
Jackson Tennessee

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Natalie.

BY EDWARD A. POSEYS

A REMEMBERED TAY

I.

Softly a flower upon the replaces now
An ash to other, happier years entwining,
When in sunlight my heart's fond love
Across me mantled like I turned its gaze,
And each every sunset—amid the golden glory
Of splendor tint, and tower, and lake were weaving—
The ageing sparkling fancies in passive bearing
Deep regretous poesies spells would within them
O'er the hushed evening hour of twilight
Wreathing cloud moment's very hallowed veil—
As whispering's who's soft hair's silver strong.
When her sweet voice was overflowing word—
Oh, from those hours when lost such breathings sleep
The memories—the—are wildest years!

II.

We were not as we were in other years
Then each heart was to each fond loving bliss—
Or it may be that lonely human woes
An Adam's fate to guard a flower in Eden.
Of riddance—ours spread round it since the from
The life of the heart—and with the other pleasures
For even such I were was wont to deem
Those soft bright rays that mirror reviews
Yet most forget, though visions far less sweet
Glance o'er its saddened mirror—and be take
Most shrink from the sunshine May
And loss to meet in its cursed more sorry.
For these sweet sunbeams before the
Have vanished, we'll not to—chosen again!
Philada 1842.

Original Articles.

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Here are three works of uncommon power. The first has long been known to French scholars, and is now, through the medium of an English translation, making a bewitch with the American people. The second is called a "Picture of France," and is a work of the first transactions of the the French Revolution at Kean was said by Cambridge to read Philosopher—by Basker of lightning." The third is a singularly impartial history for an Englishmen and a toty to write, of the rise, progress and overthrow of that fearful convulsion of society in France and throughout Europe, which beginning with the meeting of the States General, filled a continent with blood and terror, and ended with the utter prostration of the French empire on the field of Waterloo. Alison's history has never been republished in the United States, and we fear, from the elaborate nature of its style and tone must shape before it can be obtained except in the English edition. We regret that the more we account of the work, the more we like it. It is without the faults we admit; but, on the whole, it is the best history of the French Revolution which has yet appeared. Mignet and Thiers are clear, concise in style and remarkable for accuracy—uniting the most comprehensive views to the most minute and complete inspection, but are only the pallide cancer, but the genuine manners of the chief actors of the time, the History of Mr. Alison is unquestionably the best. Mignet and Thiers are also destined to take rank with the efforts of Hallam, Prescott, Sismondi, and the other great historians of the age.

The French Revolution is the most striking, the most agonizing, the reading, the melancholy interest of a tragedy. Never, since the world was created—or all-destroying a revolution formed after a wreaths and—it stood in a same kind. What the causes were which led to this convulsion we shall not attempt to explain. We shall merely say, in passing that it was not not to rule cause, but a hundred causes combined, that led to the French Revolution. The character of the people as well as their wrongs are to be taken into consideration by the philosophic enquirer. No such horrible could have occurred among the phlegmatic Germans. The monarchies which it shook Paris with blood would never have been perpetrated by a highly moral people. The profligacy of the court and the pampered luxury of the clergy, had been for forty years the butts for the ridicule and logic of the philosophers of France, and the change, sinking down into the hearts of the multitude, sprung up in filler and bitterness in a tutor hatred against the privileged orders. To inflame this hatred, the taxes were fruitful; and from contributions to these taxes the nobility were exempted by law. Above all, the people were starving. Their condition was infinitely worse than that of the most wretched European nominal-hearted population of the present day. We do not wonder, therefore that they rose against their oppressors. When fathers could find no work to support their families—when starving mothers have no milk for their starving babies—when whole streets perish, as it seemed, of famine—and when those who ought to alleviate their miseries not only refuse to bestow alms, but are at the meantime living in luxury, in Gold's name, how can the sufferers become desperate and wrong nothing but death before them. they remain quiet, are ready to plunge into any acts however unlawful and properties any excesses however bloody.

But the picture does present these several historical works, without being struck with the unusual beauty of the French revolutionary scenes. The excesses perpetrated by the Jacobins and indeed throughout the Reign of Terror, exceeded those committed in any former revolution on a foreign country. They even outpaced those committed in the old revolt of the deepest—we recall hitherto considered the most bloody which history had witnessed. These excesses were obtained in the short space of time during the period which elapsed between the dethronement of the King on 1792, and the fall of Robespierre on 1794. In that short space of time these wretches committed the government, celebrating their investiture by the executions of the rulers they succeeded. From many the Girondists—then the Dantonists—and finally the followers of Robespierre. Each of these rose and set in a sea of blood. To that period has fitly been given the name of THE REIGN OF TERROR. We cannot do better than glance hastily at the causes which occasioned, and the events which characterized those terrible years of proscription and massacre.

The steps by which France attained to the anarchy which reached its acme from 1792 to 1794 are known to all which the constitutional monarchy was overthrown, and the reign of terror began, are well known. The meeting of the states general, the refusal of the tiers etat to act alone, the storming of the Bastile, the orgies at the theater of Versailles, the banquets, the insults to the cockade, the attack on the Tuileries and confinement of the king, are memorable events, deeply engraven on the memory of every one who reads or who has reaped in our present purpose. The scenes of the last insurrection, however, were reeling through Europe like an earthquake, causing kings to perish and their thrones and turn pale in the recesses of their palaces. The Duke of Brunswick—at the head of the field of—was to lead a few leagues march of the Tuileries.

The capital was in imminent danger. All was disorganized and confusion. The Parisians—the real actors of the revolution seeing nothing before them but death in the event of the success of the allies, determined on a measure, which, if successful, would render all Paris on the same footing with themselves, would reduce all alike to despair. They resolved to anticipate the arrival of the royalists who crowded the frontier; for, on the fall of the monarchy, whatever was suspected of being favorable to the king had to undergo the ordeal of the guillotine in Paris. The members of these persons now amounted to several thousands. The leaders of the revolution did not, however, wish to destroy them. They resolved to confine the intruders by arming and organizing the people —delivering to them fifteen days—and then to commence the massacre. That opportunity came at length. We will tell how.

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Philada 1842.

About three miles, in a south-westerly direction from Penny Market and the village of Umgowora, which were described at the commencement of our story, was the farm-house and village of Umsinga. The farm-house was a square, and in summer extremely unpicturesque by the hard glare of small trees and unadorned walls; but in the winter, when the rains had fallen, and shed their glowing floral wreaths, and the long grass had waved to and fro in the breeze, and the noble bend of the kraal had thrown a small spot above its margin. Here the pools and waterfalls, and rustic pastoral chef d'œuvres, with the little hand, head, village. Here they were completed in secret themselves, in order to escape the general destruction of their native, and here they might have remained without fear of discovery, had it not been for the untoward passion of the haughty prince.

It chanced one day that Panmure himself had unfortunately left the enemy toward evening, for the purpose of gaining a supply of food; and had somehow found his way to the very spot where George Harwood had rescued Talmouse from death. The girl was there now, seated upon a mossy stone, listening to the music of the wind as it played through the branches, or musing, perhaps, on the very circumstance which had made that place a sacred one to her. There she had first seen him who was now the dearest object of her love.—There he had saved her life—there she had met with him, while he instructed her in things that were yet wonderful—there her soul had been, one by one, the bonds of ignorance, and had gradually freed itself from the filthy darkness in which it had been confounded. There she had been first made acquainted with that Glorious Being, whose works she had so often admired. Ah! she was in greater danger as she sat there now, though all unconscious of it, than when she stood awaiting the arrival of the fierce beast, who was to tear her limb from limb! Now, as then, human eyes were gazing,—save, as then, her young existed the energies of a strong nature—for unlike him who had there seen her—and had proved her best friend,—he who now stood spell-bound to the spot, was to be her bitter enemy,—soul, for—for! time to which to dash from her hand the cup of joy,—and leave but the bitterness of disappointment. It was Panmure, the Serpent Prince. It is moment, the fact that he had been detained in battle—driven from his country—that he was there a exile—compelled to hide himself in the recesses of a dismal swamp—all were forgotten. He thought of nothing—saw nothing but the beauty of the fairy creature before him. His prudence—his manhood—all considerations of his nature—seemed to desert him—so powerful was the impression which the sight of Talmouse—for the sweet started at the voice, and would have fled, but he sprang forward and caught her by the hand; and there he took her of the passion she had excited in his heart. He told her that the pale faces had burned his wigwam—and that his wife and children had all perished in the flames. And then he besought her to become his bride. And he who had scorned a treaty with the whites—who had disdained to stoop to the proudest chiefs—now knelt was now a humble suitor at the feet of a simple girl. He used in vain. Her heart was faithful to its trust,—and with a firm voice she replied,

"Talmouse must not listen to the voice of the great chief—she must not love him—she will be his friend—but she can never love with him in this heart."

"Sassacus is a king," answered the chief—"and the young fawn knows not what she does when she refuses to become his bride."

"Nay, nay," said the girl, with kindling eye, "it must not be—for Talmouse loves another."

"Hah!" And who will dare to love the maiden that Sassacus has set his heart upon? Who shall stand before the great chief when he is angry?" And the fierce savage clutched his knife, and glared around him, as if looking for some object on which to vent his rage. At that moment young Harwood—accompanied by Ontelo, and by his dog, came in sight, and the terrified girl sprang into her lover's arms. Panmure—for under the disguise of a common savage, and darted through the forest headlong revenge.

The next day Talmouse sat upon the Mortar Rock, pounding corn for the evening meal. Her merry voice rang upon the clear air—her soul was glad—her heart beat high with hope. The day had been fixed which was to bind her fate with that of the only one she had ever loved, and in the anticipation of the happiness, the occurrence of the preceding day, and the threats of Sassacus were nearly forgotten. At that very moment, while no care oppressed her mind, those were near who would accuse not to ruin forever her happiness, and to blast her affections are yet they had fully determined.

Through the small bushes that covered the entire ridge, except that part of the rock where Talmouse sat, crept the stealth form of a tawny savage—who in the others stood guarding the only way of access to the summit of the rock. Silent was his progress. He crept intent on reaching unperceived the spot where the unsuspecting girl still sat engaged in her employment. But at the moment when he had reached the edge of the rock he hesitated—a large eagle came sailing majestically through the air, and as Talmouse turned her head to watch its flight, the form of Sassacus might have been seen and in once revealed her danger. Resistance was in vain with—strength—and—experience—and then appeared but one alternative,—to fall into the power of her enemy—or to die. It was almost needless to tell which she preferred. With one bound she was at the edge of the precipice—the next moment she stood at its foot unharmed! The tall, thick grass at the base of the rock had preserved her from injury—and once more the frantic chief was cheated of his prey.

A week after the above occurrences, Talmouse was sitting in the door of her father's tent. Nearly all the warriors of her tribe were absent on a great hunting expedition, and none was expected to return for a fortnight. Her eyes were strained anxiously toward the south—her betrothed had promised to visit her that day—it now lacked but one hour of sunset, and she had not yet seen him. She had placed herself there that she might catch the first glimpse of his form emerging from the forest. She felt sure—her presentiment of evil died on its birthplace over her—and she sat in silence. The hour passed, and—the same tint, the shadow of evening began to thicken around, and still no tidings of him met her. But to his friend came one with a triumphant smile upon his homicide by the hand of a white man, one more determined Talmouse as his bride, and when she retuse and the same cause as before—the certainty of revenge—to the knowledge that he had it now in his power to put that unyielding spirit, made him pause by the wall to let his words perfectly well the hideous—the fiendish—that upon the tempting sight, as certain of feasting on her flesh, as if he had already had him on his ravenous gums. The tall form of the chief drew up—and a cold unpleasant smile played upon his features as he said,

"The pale face whom Talmouse loves is my prisoner—if it are honored—to meet she—while not in my power—I will tear out his heart and roast it for my food! In the great swamp of the Sun—he is guarded by my trusted warriors. Let the maiden come there, and in consenting to be my bride, free the white man from my grasp—if not I have said what I will do. The Sassacus will not recall!" And with that he disappeared as suddenly as he had made his entrance.

About fifteen miles to the east from Umsinga, by the army of the English, then commanded by Captain Penrose, a Mr. Mitchell, and Mr. Harwood, the night was now approaching the encampment—and in reply to the challenge of the sentinel, a tall man engaged for the commander-in-chief supported himself on a rest on for seeing him at that unfriendly hour. Sinc—for it was a female—was admitted to his tent, and at once proceeded to inform him that the lieutenant of the white man quite was concealed in the Zoonah—that they held a white man in their power—and that if he did not rebound during the following day—that day would be his last.

The next morning saw that army surrounding the marsh, which from that day has been called the *The Swamp of the Prophets*. All was silent as the grave—and many a soldier began to wonder at the credulity of their commander in trusting to the tale of an unknown Indian girl. Not a Prophet was to be seen—but presently from a little encampment in the centre of the swamp, and small, thin column of blue smoke curled upward to the clouds above it—and mingling with the roar of musketry—and the clash of swords, and knives, and tomahawks—were heard the shouts of men, and the yells of savages—and the groans of the wounded and the dying. In the centre of the conflict, loud and armed to a soldier, was George Harwood, fighting hand to hand with the Prophet Khi.

Few of the rude assault that bloody day. Sassacus himself with his own hand fell—his tribe completely conquered and fled to the country of the Mohawks, and avoided by their treacherous friends. Such was the life, and such the melancholy end of the chief of the Prophets.

A comparatively short, as I am looking through a remote and obscure part of central Africa, I am not remembrance mansion in its centre. A group of children were sporting in the yard, and the evening mantle-piece which some of these have to a considerable I could remembered, caused me to stop and inquire their name. It was Harwood. I immediately discovered, and was soon welcomed by my old friend George Harwood. We had formerly been very intimate—but he had never told me the history of his family. And as he related to me the incidents of the preceding narrative during the evening—I see no longer at a loss to account for the dark and peculiar shade of his complexion—his fiery eye—and the strong energy of his nature. I saw before me the descendant of the village of Umgowora, which were described at the commencement of our story, and Talmouse the Indian girl; and could easily recall any recognition peculiar her form and beauty to the mind. I was now in the presence of the daughter of the brave chief, who had been the first to welcome the white man to Africa—and who had been the means of saving the life of Mr. Mitchell, in addition to the noble deed of the former and the happiness of George Harwood. Here was the girl, who preserved her honour and her happiness—and the happiness of her husband—from the savage fiend who ordered. The noble, intrepid chief, which descended from the Prophets—and who probably will benefit the whole country of the last race of Africa shall have descended back to dust.

SATURDAY POST.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1842.

Female Education.

We throw out some general remarks, in our paper of the 1st inst., on the education of females. To this important part of our argument was, that the subject of Education was misunderstood, and that, too often, the intellect was cultivated at the expense of the moral and physical qualities. We endeavored, say that there was too much intellectual education—that we only consulted that one of the two institutions paid to the health of children and the development of the moral qualities. We intended, by this remark, to confine the subject to

FEMALE EDUCATION.

The first of the age, in regard to female education, may be traced to an erroneous idea of the sex which ought to be stimulated by education—in other words sex daughters are educated with the same kind of stimulation as males, and with too little reference to their fitness for nature. This latter, however, should be the great end and aim of woman's education. Providence designed her a condition in life of a peculiar character. He has endowed her with an exquisite sensibility, a proportionate share of the moral faculties, and with a delicate grace of mind and manner, which fit her peculiarly to adorn the sphere in which she is destined to move. To mind—her throne is in the affections. She is unconsoled, by the ordination of nature, for a wife and a mother. Her power is in the influence of family—her empire is in the heart of her husband and her children. To make them happy is as much her province as it is that of a statesman to make a nation flourishing—to watch over them in illness as her precious duty, and for this duty she is endowed with patience, and by the very construction of her mind. Man has other provinces assigned him,—he has also other characteristics. He is made for the public gaze—to jolt the hard to chaffer in the mart, to preach from the pulpit, to thunder at the bar, to wield the destinies of a nation, to defend his country with the sword, he took his bride. But woman has more quiet duties before her. It is hers, to do a thousand little acts to make comfortable and happy that home, that home her husband daily toils, and for which, if requisite, he is ready to die. To fit her properly for the duties before, should be the great object of education.

It is not? Are our daughters educated with an eye to being wives and mothers? Are they not rather pointedly taught by the manner in which they are educated, that the great end of their life is to secure a husband? We speak now of what is called a fashionable education, for although the large portion of our daughters are not thus accomplished, they engage in the vain effort, their parents unability to afford the expense, then from any conviction of its folly. We say then, that the aim of a fashionable education is to make the subject of it one look of vengeance, and darted through the forest headlong revenge.

The next day Talmouse sat upon the Mortar Rock, pounding corn for the evening meal. Her merry voice rang upon the clear air—her soul was glad—her heart beat high with hope. The day had been fixed which was to bind her fate with that of the only one she had ever loved, and in the anticipation of the happiness, the occurrence of the preceding day, and the threats of Sassacus were nearly forgotten. At that very moment, while no care oppressed her mind, those were near who would accuse not to ruin forever her happiness, and to blast her affections are yet they had fully determined.

Through the small bushes that covered the entire ridge, except that part of the rock where Talmouse sat, crept the stealth form of a tawny savage—who—for others stood guarding the only way of access to the summit of the rock. Silent was his progress. He crept intent on reaching unperceived the spot where the unsuspecting girl still sat engaged in her employment. But at the moment when he had reached the edge of the rock he hesitated—a large eagle came sailing majestically through the air, and as Talmouse turned her head to watch its flight, the form of Sassacus might have been seen and in once revealed her danger. Resistance was in vain with—strength—and—experience—and then appeared but one alternative,—to fall into the power of her enemy—or to die. It were almost needless to tell which she preferred. With one bound she was at the edge of the precipice—the next moment she stood at its foot unharmed! The tall, thick grass at the base of the rock had preserved her from injury—and once more the frantic chief was cheated of his prey.

A week after the above occurrences, Talmouse was sitting in the door of her father's tent. Nearly all the warriors of her tribe were absent on a great hunting expedition, and none was expected to return for a fortnight. Her eyes were strained anxiously toward the south—her betrothed had promised to visit her that day—it now lacked but one hour of sunset, and she had not yet seen him. She had placed herself there that she might catch the first glimpse of his form emerging from the forest. She felt sure—her presentiment of evil died on its birthplace over her—and she sat in silence. The hour passed, and—the same tint, the shadow of evening began to thicken around, and still no tidings of him met her. But to his friend came one with a triumphant smile upon his homicide by the hand of a white man, one more determined Talmouse as his bride, and when she retuse and the same cause as before—the certainty of revenge—to the knowledge that he had it now in his power to put that unyielding spirit, made him pause by the wall to let his words perfectly well the hideous—the fiendish—that upon the tempting sight, as certain of feasting on her flesh, as if he had already had him on his ravenous gums. The tall form of the chief drew up—and a cold unpleasant smile played upon his features as he said,

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Origin of the Indians.

The most remarkable work of Mr. Rafinesque on the antiquities of the American, contains an able discussion on the origin of the North American Indians. We have not room for the whole of it, but the following brief and unbeknowingly praiseworthy that of Mr. Rendford the most interesting. He places the chief seat of the Indians in Central America, and supposes that the tribes were caused thither directly from Asia. His theory is plausibly constructed, and we will give the reasons on which it ought be. There are many arguments in favor of it, of which Mr. Bradford appears to have lost sight. His work, however, is one of great value. We shall avail ourselves liberally in the following extracts, and even state our most of her antiquarities. But we must not omit to say, that we differ from Mr. Rafinesque in many of his conclusions and of which he does not seem to have thought. Of these we shall avail ourselves.

The ancients were late but three centuries the Northern the Europeans the Cape visited it by other Americans, for those who possess the ancient, and—same—and—same—Europeans, and the Indians in the eastern continent while only the Indian now unacquainted with the country. This fact is settled by the remains of the dead discovered in the United States, at Central America, in Peru, and throughout the southern continent. No remains have ever discovered the skulls of no race except the Indian, and the skulls of that race have been found everywhere on the continent. The ancient Peruvians, their neighbors, the Mexicans, and the savages of North America were only branches of the Indian race, differing indeed in many of their minor particulars as various even of the Caucasian race differ, but sufficiently resembling to be known as the Indian family, and every inquirer that they belong to the same race.

The next point to be settled is—where was the original seat of this race in America? We do not at present dispute that it was from some part of Asia it came; or in other words, that the original stock of all the Indians on this continent, and even of Mr. Bradford, is that they began in the western continent to the Asiatic shore, and from that continent to America before settling the preliminary enquiry whence was their original stock. The only answer which has yielded Dalrymple, the number into which Humboldt fell. Let us first determine the original seat of the Aboriginals, and then the point at which they landed can easily be discovered. To determine the preliminary enquiry we will from premised.

Suppose a traveller through Mesopotamia should come across a broken column in the desert, and there, also existing other finely scattered ruins, should arrive at a spot where temples, dwellings, market places, and the remains of streets, were piled in broken masses around him. Would he not conclude that he had been passing through the suburbs of a mighty city at the least of which he had at length arrived? Suppose a Hindoo Brahmin had been set down in Germany, after the legions of Rome had been driven from the Rhine, and the vast empire of Tiberius was beginning to crumble—he would, at first, have travelled through vast and silent forests, broken only here and there by a cleared space on which a few scattered huts were erected. Every step, but, as he proceeded southward, these evidences of civilization would have found himself surrounded by the remains of Roman power and grandeur. Would not the same conclusion have been forced upon him? Would he not have been traversing the outskirts of this mighty empire? Would he not have said that the seat of the Roman power in Italy? Such would have been the appearance of this continent four hundred years ago to a traveller coming from the Atlantic coast to Mexico. Every where in the whole interior of the present United States, increasing in size and frequency as we pass southward, are to be found the remains of populous towns, regular fortifications, and specimens of the finest pottery which betoken the former presence of a highly civilized people on this continent. Such, in fact, were found by the first settlers in Ohio, and have continued to be found by the builders of those forts, the workers in this channel of Indiana, and with a thousand kind similar structure similar to those which he had just passed in ruins, and the edifices now before him have been found greatly superior to those to the northward.

We have said that the country would have presented these appearances to the first Europeans who visited it. Columbus found Cuba in a state of civilization, and Peru and Mexico, which has been reported in our plighted faith, to be in a high degree civilized when conquered. The Spaniards were impossible at all times, and under all circumstances, to carry out and maintain the legal obligations which we have contracted, and failing to redeem them before God, have been or may be made upon the faith and credit of the United States.

We speak boldly on this question, because, while we have no personal interest in it, we will be very slow to assume any doctrine which, like this, strikes at the honour and therefore at the well-being of the Commonwealth. Let a case arise in which the American Republic clutches her emblem. Let us be honest as well as free!

Commerce of Western Lakes.

The Buffalo Commercial contains a statement, prepared by the Collector of that port, at the request of the Engineer department on the lakes, of the commerce on the western lakes. From this statement we compile the following interesting particulars:

Previous to 1822 the whole commerce west of Detroit was confined almost entirely to carrying up provisions and goods for the Indians, and supplies for the troops, and bringing back the produce of the fur trade. From 1818 to 1822 one voyage annually was made by a steamboat to Mackinaw, and in 1832 steamboats cleared by government first appeared at Chicago, then a small village of Detroit.

In 1833 they were eleven steamboats, which cost $260,000, at Buffalo. These boats took away from Buffalo 3,000 passengers that year, besides the troops and for passengers and freight that year they received $1,500,000. The same year likewise made to Chicago, the receipts for which were $4,355 93.

In 1834 there were eighteen steamboats, at a cost of $360,000, which in 1835, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79,

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Congressional News.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5, 1842.

The Vice President laid before the Senate a report from the Post Office Department, giving the details of the contingent expenses for 1841.

Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, gave notice that he should on to-morrow to bring in a Bill upon the subject of *agency*.

The resolution in relation to the Oregon Territory, introduced yesterday, was not disturbed, though called upon the object of the mover having been accomplished by another by an adroit.

The other business was not important except some incidental remarks in relation to the Revenue Bill of the House Representatives. Mr. Calhoun presented a memorial from Charleston, S. C. asking for additional duties upon imported Cotton Goods. Mr. C. moved the reference to the Committee on Commerce.

Mr. King and Mr. Huntington opposed the reference, and the amendment of the law, for the reason that if the duty was once opened it would cost a world of trouble.

Mr. Preston reported a bill in favor of the claim of Maine upon the General Government for expenses incurred on the border during the Aroostook troubles.

Mr. Clay, from the morning's proceedings, was informed upon the subject of Slavery, pouring an assortment of the Congressional Globe. The motion to correct was laid on the table. A memorial from Pennsylvania, praying the Annexation of Texas to the United States, and the restoration of the treaty with the Tuscaroras (N. Y.) Indians, was referred to the Committee on Indian Affairs.

A bill to increase the pay of Revenue Officers while serving in the Navy of the United States, was debated very briefly.

The proposed Board of Exchequer, as the ordinance is called, was taken up for consideration and discussion, and was discussed at some length by Mr. Morehead, of Kentucky, and Mr. Sevier, of Arkansas, in favor of the measure, and the latter in favor of it with certain modifications.

The Preface of Mr. Sevier between him and Mr. Woodbury expressing a doubt to debate the subject further, the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.—Mr. Adams took the floor as soon as the Journal was read, and resumed the amendment thereto.

He stated that the Journal had been falsified; that second stated that he had moved the reception of petitions to a select committee with instructions, whereas, he declared, he had moved that they lie on the table. The instructions could not be supported to the other motion, and the majority of the House, by a decision of which Mr. A. sent to the Clerk's desk to be read) would show that such was the case. Mr. A. contended that under this falsification of the Journal subsequent proceedings had been taken, affecting the rights and dignity of a member of the House, and violated the sacred right of petition."

A desultory debate followed, which was not remarkable for dignity. Mr. Arnold, of Tennessee, arrose to be taking particular pains to be considered the buffoon of the House. Mr. Arnold spoke in favor of Mr. Adams.

SENATE.—Mr. Sevier presented a memorial from a Charleston Indian, praying to be refunded the amount of a Revolutionary claim.

A Report was received from the Secretary of State as to the number of Clerks in the Department.

Mr. Henderson presented a memorial from citizens of New York, who assert that they have been cheated by the tariff, and regret, that a Bill has been introduced to postpone the duties. The Revenue Bill, they say, is uncertain; give their reason for wishing no interference with the laws that be.

Mr. Porter, of Mich., presented a memorial of the same import, which was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Mr. Phelps, of Vt., presented resolutions from the Legislature of Vermont, praying an amendment of the Constitution so as to prevent the election of any but a native citizen to the office of President of the United States. Also from the same quarter by Mr. Clay and Mr. Preston.

Also another resolution in relation to the Tariff, asking for an increase of duties on certain articles, and Americans and American seal may be protected by the House, and all those foreigners who have taken upon the table except the last, which was referred to the Committee on Manufactures.

Several Bills were introduced, and among them the Bill for the Relief of Mr. Key, as Counsel in the case of the Copyright Laws. Several Bills were also ordered to be engrossed in favor of Missouri and other claimants.

A Bill was introduced, ordering the Secretary of War to cause the Surveys with foreign nations to return their respective limits, and to cause the Public Land District in Missouri.

Mr. Preston presented resignations of 3 volunteers.

Also Lieutenant, for services of her Volunteers to the General Government.

The orders of the day were called for at one o'clock, when the Senate resumed the consideration of the bill to the Currency Bill and report to a Select Committee of nine members.

Mr. Woodbury occupied the time until the adjournment in defending the Bill.

He was in favor of the motion to refer to a Select Committee, and would not object to the Bill going to the President, and the subject was laid over.

Mr. Preston presented a memorial from the Senate, of adjourn to Monday next. The motion prevailed—84 to 1.

The Senate then adjourned.

HOUSE.—The journal having been read, and one petition presented, on motion of Mr. Adams, the House went another, but Mr. Atchison called for the order of the day.

Mr. Dean moved a suspension of the rules, which motion was carried by a vote of 120 to 70, a majority of two-thirds.

Mr. Fillmore submitted a resolution that a Committee of Ways and Means be directed to report a bill embracing the Secretary of the Treasury's estimate and appropriations which had been made in time past without reference to them.

Mr. Pickens called from the Committee on Manufactures, offered a resolution instructing the Committee to send for persons and papers and examine witnesses, in relation to the sale of the Cumberland Road, and to report.

Mr. Fillmore for the order of the day.

Mr. Fillmore moved for the examination of the state of the Treasury, and submitted a printed statement, made by the Secretary of the Treasury last week. As many thousands thronged to see the

The House resumed the consideration of the bill for the first quarter of 1842 would exceed $6,000,000—the receipts for the same time $3,000,000—leaving a deficit to more than $2,500,000. Mr. F. said, that though called upon by the Secretary of the Treasury to introduce a Bill for the issue of Treasury notes, the Committee declined to do so, believing that the present deficiency was but transit was shown, that it appeared that the Secretary had received at Rochester, on the 1st of July, advices that no extension of time upon the Loan Bill would probably be granted. He had not seen such, but therefore driven, reluctantly, and to save the honor of the country to the pledge of the Government.

Mr. G. Davies vehemently opposed the proposed measure as being nothing less than the old scheme of Loans and Issues.

Mr. Wise followed next, and closed by moving a previous that the Bill, with the report of the Secretary of the Treasury from the United States declaring that the Loan of $12,000,000 authorized by the last session of Congress, to $2,118,231. The productive sum Refund Fund is $3,030,857, and the Loan $951,073.

Warning.

The Lewiston Banking Company, N. Y. From which notes we have received within the last week, are hereby warned that the Company will not redeem any of its issues, as it contends are at stock in the hands of those still available under fraudulent circumstances, &c.

Action of Maine.

The action of Maine as forty-five thousand citizens, was—1 General Staff, 48 Major Generals, 1,866; Brigadier Generals, 4,841; Light Infantry, 2,114; the number of companies in all 1,866.

Encouraging.

Rates are lately stopped in Northampton—manner of the decreasing demand for both its use, and Pennsylvania or colonization, although we must our commercial head.—Whately

Monstrocities.

New York on Sunday has been remarkable for the number of the death of Lavalette the two fleets was momentarily

To Prisoners.

Ohio, which at New Orleans, has sent a petition to present to Mexico the release of our citizens still prisoners in that expedition, among whom was his

Immigrants.

1841, there arrived at the port of 68,000 strange passengers, 1842 there were 28,000.

Missing Moneticles.

$50,000 will be paid this year by Missouri, Miss., in the arrears and

Mr. Goddings then presented another petition, having a different object, to slavery, but not strictly coming within the rule.

Mr. Wise objected to lay the petition upon the table.

Mr. Goddings appealed to the courtesy of Mr. Wise. The latter would not withdraw his motion. He said he was willing at any time to extend courtesy where he could conscientiously but he could not think of courtesy when the people of the north sought to send their inconstitutional petitions upon the Government.

Mr. Adams demanded the yeas and nays to lay on the table, and being ordered, were laid upon the table—yeas 88. So the question of reception was laid on the table.

On motion of Mr. Wood, of New York, the Committee on Public Buildings was instructed to inquire into the expediency of abolishing the present mode of remuneration, namely by fees, and of establishing instead thereof a reasonable fund, out of which each shall be paid a fixed salary. This is intended to equalize the remuneration of those offices.

Petitioner were further presented by Mr. Goddings, having indirect reference to abolition, and the question of reception being raised, were laid upon the table. Other members followed in the same track, so that for several hours little else was done but rising to present motions to lay the question of reception on the table.

At length the House became weary, and was rated in reference to a petition from Kentucky, asking the repeal of the bankrupt law. A motion being made to refer it to the Committee on the Judiciary, with instructions to report a bill to that effect, the previous question was demanded. On this, seven gentlemen, learned on points of order, &c., contended that the previous question was not for one day, and pending this wrangle the House adjourned.

The Senate did not sit to-day.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6, 1842.

Senate not in session.

HOUSE.—The Speaker announced the orders of the day to be Mr. Crittenden's motion to lay on the table the petition of citizens of Kentucky, praying the repeal of the General Bankrupt law—Mr. Cravens having moved to refer it to the Committee on the Judiciary with instructions to report a bill repealing the law, and Mr. Fillmore having moved to refer it to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Mr. Fillmore expressed his wish that his colleague, Mr. Chittenden, would withdraw his motion to lay on the table, that the House might have the benefit of the views of the instructions, which would be a *trial suit* on the bankrupt law. Mr. Fillmore was opposed to the law, but was opposed to a repeal of the Bankrupt Law, who were also interested in the question. He wished to see that this motion would not bring on a test vote.

Mr. Chittenden declined to withdraw his motion.

Mr. Warren moved to lay the instructions on the table. Mr. Fillmore withdrew his motion for the purpose of several gentlemen.

The question on laying the instructions on the table was then taken by yeas and nays, and resulted—yeas 90, nays 107.

Mr. Barnard asked the yeas and nays on the previous question, when taken by yeas and resulted—yeas 90, nays 107.

So the main question to instruct the Committee on the Judiciary to report a bill for the repeal of the Bankrupt Law.

Mr. Cave Johnson then moved to reconsider the vote just taken.

Mr. Bowen moved to adjourn, but withdrew it before the question was taken.

Mr. Cave Johnson refused to reconsider, by a very large vote, without a division.

The presentation of petitions being then renewed, in the order of States, where interrupted by the adjournment of Friday.

Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky, presented two, numerously signed by citizens of that State, praying the repeal of the Bankrupt Law. He moved that they be referred to the Committee on the Judiciary, with instructions to report a bill repealing the Bankrupt Law—forthwith.

Mr. Marshall objected to the word "forthwith." It was used in the New Jersey case in the last Congress. That bill passed it would never be used in a Whig Congress.

Mr. Marshall—But the is a Democratic Congress.

Mr. Marshall then said, that, at the suggestion of some gentlemen near him, he would modify his motion so as to instruct the Committee to report a repeal on the first session. He subsequently modified it so as to order them to report "forthwith," on the first Monday day of the meeting of the Committee on the Judiciary.

Mr. Marshall having moved the previous question, there was a second.

Mr. Wise, Mr. Irwin said he would make one more effort to save the bill. ("Calls to "order.") He therefore moved a call of the House.

The Speaker decided that it was too late. The House had decided to refuse the previous question. The motion for a call was not in order.

The question then recurred.

On the question of referring the petitions to the Committee on the Judiciary, with instructions to report a bill repealing the General Bankrupt Law, on Tuesday next, the House, on motion of Mr. Fillmore, ordered the yeas and nays.

The question on thus referring and instructing being then taken, resulted—yeas 112, nays 88.

So the House referred the petitions to the Committee on the Judiciary to report on Tuesday next a bill to repeal the general Bankrupt Law of 1841.

Mr. Gentry then moved a reconsideration, and on that moved the previous question. The House refused to reconsider.

Mr. John Campbell then said: this is a Great National Question, and I claim the rights of a citizen to express that the House adjourn." (Several cries of order.)

The House then voted to adjourn—yeas 113, nays 87.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 10, 1842.

SENATE.—Mr. Mallory, from Florida, took his seat, qualified in the two Houses today.

Mr. Clay, from the Committee on the Senate the statement of Clerks, &c. in the Navy and Post Office Departments.

Also, a like Report from the Treasury Department.

Also, from the War Department in relation to the appointment of Cadets and Clerks in the Military Academy.

Mr. Dixon, of R. I., sent a letter to the Vice President stating that he was in such poor health that he was unable to be in his seat, and therefore wished to be discharged from his services, and that the Governor of his State be enable to attend to the duties assigned him. Mr. D. was discharged.

Mr. Buchanan presented a memorial from the Chamber of Commerce of Philadelphia, praying that Congress make an appropriation to purchase the United States Bank building in Philadelphia, for the purpose of making it into a Custom House, and stating that the building can now be purchased at one fourth of its value.

Mr. Calhoun moved that the memorial and accompanying against the report or postponement of the Bankrupt Law. After some remarks thereon by Mr. Clay, Mr. Clayton, and several by Mr. Clay. The petitions pay the Law now in force.

Mr. White, of Ind., presented two memorials from New York against the Repeal of the Bankrupt Law. Referred also.

Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky, presented a counter memorial, signed by ministers of Louisville.

Mr. Preston moved to commence the new fiscal year from the first of July instead of January.

Mr. Benton presented several memorials, some asking for a repeal, some for the postponement of the subject, and some in opposition. All these memorialists were referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Mr. Calhoun presented a joint resolution calling upon the President of the United States to communicate whether if he has any such, with an official account of the transactions connected therewith. Mr. White of Ind. said he had been taken in relation to the same act. The resolution was laid over.

Further Reports were then received from the Treasurer Department in relation to various matters of detail, in answers to resolutions, and after the passage of the Bills ordered to be engrossed on Thursday last, the Senate proceeded to the orders of the day, which were the motion to refer the project of the Secretary of the Treasury to establish a Board of Exchequer, &c.

Mr. Evans of Maine, made a speech upon the subject of the currency and the duties of the Government and first of sorts of the Government to the consideration and favor of Congress.

The Senate adjourned at a late hour, Mr. Walker entitled to the floor.

HOUSE.—Mr. Fillmore asked the unanimous consent of the House to consider the bill of Senate, in relation to payment of the Constitution, so that the State debt may be paid by the Treasury.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8, 1842.

The Speaker laid before the Senate the annual report of the Surveyor General, and the Secretary of the Land Office.

The Speaker also presented the Standing Committee of the Senate for the ensuing year.

Mr. Preston introduced a bill to compel the attendance of the members of the General Assembly, which, after some remarks upon the subject in a letter, is understanded to compel members to remain in their seats when present, and to compel absentees under considerable fine to undergo into committee-rooms to get clear of voting. It was ordered to be printed, and if it becomes a law will be a troublesome affair when enforced.

Mr. Clay, from a select committee, reported a resolution ordering the different items of the Governor's message to be referred to the appropriate standing committees, with exceptions.

The resolution of Pointer of bills was postponed after four ballots, until Monday.

Mr. Buchanan presented a petition from citizens of Philadelphia and Delaware counties for the establishment of a Navy Yard.

Mr. Sparkman presented a petition from citizens of Philadelphia, praying for the passage of a law to prevent the imprisonment of a debtor.

Mr. Preston reported a bill to repeal the eleventh section of the Act relative to the election of County Treasurers in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Ryan reported a bill providing for the more effectual punishment of the crime of manslaughter committed on the high seas.

Also, a bill supplementary to the Act regulating Auctioneers.

Mr. Lightner introduced a bill urging upon Congress the passage of an act apportioning members of Congress from the different States.

Mr. Boone presented a petition relative to the Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad, asking for the repeal of the law authorizing said Company to construct a road through Bristol, Pennsylvania. Referred to Messrs. Buchanan, Scott, Crabb, Bagnall and Pender.

Mr. Rumsey presented two petitions from citizens of Connecticut, for the passage of a law erecting a separate township out of the same, to be called the Lady's Island District of Connecticut.

HARRISBURG, Jan. 10, 1842.

The republican conference which have ranged to much consumption in the largest state for the last three or four days, have received their quietus today, in both branches. In the House, Mr. Wright, of Lycoming, from the Select Committee to whom the resolutions were referred, made a report, accompanied by the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted, and ordered to be printed.

Resolved, That the state stock issued by virtue of the laws of this commonwealth, is constitutionally exempt from taxation, and that the citizens of the State are legally and morally bound to pay and redeem them."

Resolved, That the Legislature has no right of the laws enjoin, as heretofore, unbroken, and that the property of the citizens is therefore subjected to the taxation for the full and entire amount of the value of the property, without regard to the liberty of being what they please in the casing upon the first of February; and if they refuse to pay that they will shortly after be penalized to return home.

NEWSPAPER AND LAWS OF LIFE.—The subscriber hereby wishes to inform the public that the Saturday Post, and the cover will be published except two. List of cross last from one of the Saturday concerts in Van Dorsen's Land, in which it is stated that the increasing kindness of the Saturday Post, has induced the latter to add their capability in framing to a close. Those at Hoboken Cottage Gardens have the liberty of being what they please in the casing upon the first of February; and if they refuse to pay that they will shortly after be penalized to return home.

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General News.

CURRENCY.—In a case before the U. S. Circuit Court of Boston, to recover from a steamboat Company, of value of a package of bank bills that was entrusted to the Captain and to him lost—the Court decided that the Company were not liable. The undertaking by them to convey safely the property of others, did not bind themselves out as carriers of such bills, or make them liable to such. And the evidence of the Captain to perform that service, would not make the Company liable, as he was not their agent in the carriage of bills.

THE ARISTOCRATIC PROPERTY IN VAN DORSEN'S LAND.—A Montreal paper mentions having seen a letter from one of the Aristocratic tenants in Van Dorsen's Land, in which it is stated that the increasing kindness of the Saturday Post, has induced the latter to add their capability in framing to a close. Those at Hoboken Cottage Gardens have the liberty of being what they please in the casing upon the first of February; and if they refuse to pay that they will shortly after be penalized to return home.

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NEW YORK CITY TRUST COMPANY.—The annual survey of this Society was held a few days ago. From the report of the Secretary and Treasurer, it appears that the year amounted to $10,126,93, and the expenditures to $10,067,76, leaving a balance due to the Treasurer of $468,08—besides $1,647,10 due to the American Trust Company.

INSPECTORS OF THE EASTERN PENITENTIARY.—The Judges of the Supreme Court have appointed the following named gentlemen Inspectors of the Eastern Penitentiary, for the ensuing two years. Thomas Bradford, Matthew Carey, Samuel Breck, Robert Tyler, Samuel Richard Yard.

NEW YORK INSANE PLACES, during the month of December, brought into the port of New York 34 vessels from sea—11 coastwise, and one hundred and forty-one inland—in all 186. One of the pilot boats lay to outside of Sandy Hook, and brought in 3 more vessels.

A CONSTITUTION.—Silas Daty who was lately convicted of robbing the mail near Fredonia, was never Postmaster, as has been stated, but was a Deputy Post Master. He was then detected in opening letters, and sent to the Penitentiary.

BANKRUPTCIES IN ENGLAND.—The number of bankruptcies in England and Wales, gazetted last year up to the 1st of October, was 1,497, being 134 more than during the same period of the previous year; but 894 more than in 1839.

A SECRET.—A man named Cornelius Smack, committed suicide at Fort Wayne, Ind., by hanging in his bedroom.

A SECRET.—Sophie Parhast, a German woman, has been convicted at Cincinnati of New Orleans, of murdering her husband.

A SECRET.—A man named Sylvester Fox, has been arrested at Rochester, for forging checks to a small amount

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

The Wedding Ring.

Say, Annie, start not thus aside,
Nor strive to veil the shrug,
When we have to win a sun safe ride,
To save the husband's purse
See that gay breach, that breeches set,
And that fine glistening thing—
And look—oh dearer far to me—
On this plain golden ring.

With this hand I—Nay, shrink not sweet,
Nor turn thine eyes away—
What cause then are ye you shall greet,
And this no marker day!
Two children coming home from school.

Link'd greatly hand in hand,
All still with purl'ed upon her mood,
Beside her eighty stand

A hasty bargeon, proud of pace,
An eyed combat mad;
A handlord'd Mom, all smock and grace,
With flossen and waist and veil
And, as I live, on sparin's creed.
Two sweet ones in the bargain!
I'll soon may say to her tomorrow soon—
Heaven should the lady man!

Nay, Annie, curb not lack thy hand
Nor turn sorry time eye,
Not long I'll ask bread, or suiting stand,
As the whole world to buy!
There's room to scare my trembling dove,
In her sweet children's arms—
Ah, this's the very finger, love,
And this the ring for me!

Origin of Wars.

The history of every war is very like a scene I once saw in Nebraska. Two hens from different schools met on the first day upon the ice. They eyed each other with rather malignant looks, and with defiance on each brow. "What are you about, sir, Billy?" — What's that to you? — I'll look where I have a mind, so hinder me if you dare." A hearty blow was the return to this, and then such a battle began! It being Saturday, all the wits of both schools were on the ice, and the fight instantly became general and desperate. I asked one of the party what they were pelting the other for? What first he (also to this?) — Nothing at all, sir; I mean, we just want to get them a good thrashin'." After fighting some time, they were exhausted, one of the principal heroes stepped forth bedewed with sweat, with blood and his clothes torn to tatters, and addressed the victor, pettee thus:—"Come, sir, will you tell you what we'll do wi' ye, if ye'll let us alone we'll let you alone. There was no more of it; the war was at an end, and the boys scattered away to their play. I thought at the time, reader, you have often thought since, that their trivial affray was the best epitome of war in general that I have ever seen. Kings and ministers of state are just a set of governmental children exactly like the children I speak of, with only this material difference, that instead of fighting out their needless quarrels they have raised, they sit in safety and look on based on their innocent but servile subjects to battle, and then, after a waste of blood and treasure, are glad to make the boys' conditions, "if ye'll let me alone we'll let you alone."

Weiden Burning.

— A lovely maiden, pure and chaste,
With rosy cheek and golden tresses,
Within her chamber, was the day is dad
Makes her poor garments to enrich her bed
Of rose pure and of her lily white gown
That shrieks the sorrow as she lays it down.
And with its cross, guards a bodice fine
Embracing her as it would be an amour.
Her frame there, unstrung all beholders,
She sees persons to wave about her shoulders.
And though she sees a look, the silken cape
Still formal, cool, and keep upon her lips.
Whereas the enemy surely angry, with her knew
Ready to the wanton locks in curious tresses,
While echoing wail her yours, each hour long began.
As look to be exclaimed but to her fingers.

ERSKAR.—The following is an Epigram on one of the most distinguished Lawyers at the Bar of England, during the time of the late Lord Chancellor Eldon.

Mr. Leach
Made a speech,
Impressive clear and strong:
Mr. Hart?
Made the darker
Which was dark enough before.
Mr. Bell
Spoke so well
That the Chancellor said, I doubt
What?
" Afterwards Chancellor of Ireland.

WOMAN.—Tuckson, in his Barnaby Rudge, gives us the following as a "random view." "Is there a humor and obey" her true but touch dusted lover."—

" And men at last, if you were sick and shattered in your every part, if you were ailing, weak and sorrowful; if, instead of being what you are, to more in every body's eyes but mine, the wreck and ruin of a man, I would be your wife, dear heart, in greater pride and joy than if you were the stateliest lord in England."

A Hatted.

BY THE MAN WE SHOOT.

I do not love another love,
And yet, what can we always I am and
And once of the bright blue sky above
Whose quiet stars may see thee and be glad

I do not love thee—no, when thou art gone,
I cannot though thou'rt with me at my door
Which breaks the lingering wine of the sun,
And thou'rt unlike those visions I have seen.

I do not love thee—no! I hate thee not,
While o'er thy cheek, serene, ask will cause to me,
And thine is solemn. I sigh.
That thou I do love me not more like thee.

GOOD REPORT.—A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a disciplined sportsman, on his conduct. "My love," said he, "I am only like the Prodigal Son." "I will endure to-night," "and I will be like the Prodigal Son, too," she replied, "for I will come and go to my father's" and accordingly off she went.

THE SEAL LETTER.—"John, what letter in the dispatch is this like best?"
"Well, I don't like to say, Mr. Sneaks."
"Pooh, nonsense—tell right out, Jane. Which do you like best?"
"Well, honestly and disposing her opens I like you for the best."

A KNOWING ONE.—"Have you voted?" asked a political dreamer of a man who was hanging round the polls, to be there a ticket into him to vote. No, I haven't, and I don't mean to that; I mean to tell the third day, should nobody. Nobody called Smith with me or treated before I have voted. You don't catch me."

EPIGRAM.—The following epigram on a selfish politician, who committed an apostacy to measure, is the best thing of the kind that ever whittles by Byron:

"I once but no heart was not—but I deny it,
He has a heart—he gets for everything."

RAISING DOWN.—"I don't see to say thing of the matter with the gentlemanly," said Mrs. Nelson at a Thanksgiving dinner. "Well, she, since there's nothing the matter with my neighbor," replied the first. "I considered there were: you all seemed to be raising it down."

A HARD NAME.—A man named Stone exclaimed in a passion, "I'll let I have the hardest name in the community." "Hush," said one of the party, "don't your name." "Stone," cried the other. "Head me the money," said the other, "my name is Cash."

THE CRISIS.—A party paper has lately complained that it is that that hath a cold, and was daily stopped in her lips with cloves." "Friend," said the Quakers, "they should never suffer the stopper to come near."

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Marianne.

FROM THE CONTINENTAL DOCTOR.

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"I should be glad to hear it," replied I.

"It is short, and without plot to recommend it.

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That little building with wings and conservatories and gardens so artfully disposed, once had its counterpart in a stately chateau, with grounds to the banks of the Seine. There is not a nook or turret or casement of the latter which is not represented in yonder miniature mansion; and as all the walks, flower-beds and grassy embellishments are but copies of a true original. Thus it is that the exile dying to his country, remembers the beloved Argos where he was born.

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At that time he was in the vigor of age, and full of manly beauty. Birth and talents fitted him for a prominent place, and he had already fallen under the eye of Robespierre, and his name danced the eye of Robespierre, and his name danced the lists of proscription which like those of Dante's doomed to fill the eye with fear and mourning. But he had hitherto remained firm at his post. He was willing to die with, but he was not willing to make or survive his country.

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Missouri.

The Missouri is, perhaps, different in appearance and character from all other rivers in the world. It is a thick, muddy, yellow stream, and as you slowly sail the moment we enter its muddy waters from the Mississippi. From the mouth of the Yellow Stone to the Gulf of Mexico is the name, and it is now writing, to its junction with the Mississippi, a distance of 3,000 miles, the Missouri, with its boiling, turbid waters, sweeps off, in one unceasing flood, the earth it has washed from the prairies, and in its eddy or resting place, for a canoe. During the Missouri annual falling of the rain allowed banks, the water is always turbid and opaque, having at all times of the year, but the four or five months of June or culls, with sugar and cream stirred in it. To drink a tumbler of Missouri water is to eat a meal. I gave tried a number of simple experiments with it, at this place, and at other points below, at the request of several of which I was assured that by simply placing a piece of silver and afterwards a piece of gold in such a tumbler of water, and allowing it to settle, the sediment would be found to be of the color of the silver, and losing altogether the color of the gold. Many times have I seen the water in a tumbler so thick that it would be difficult to see through it, and I have seen it so full of sediment, though, as it always looked as if it would be impossible to drink it. Yet, when it has been allowed to settle, it has been found to be as pure and as clear as the water of the Mississippi